

he results of patronage revealed a very distinguished Irish man of my wife and myself to see the s of 'Tara of the Kings.' Approved For Release 2006/01/30 : CIA-RDP70B00338R000300220031-7  
ected in the most scientific way, for acology is now very good (so I i). But the 'indomitable Irishry,' n brought up on Moore's *Melodies*, thought 'Tara's Halls' were the halls of a highly advanced society. Some thought they were rather like Burners seemed to think that they were e an Odeon cinema, and so on. Of e results from this point of view were disconcerting: a lot of holes in the where wooden structures had been This was not what they came forth to than that, we were told that the first t artefact discovered was a very phallic mbol, an insult to Irish chastity. recalls to me the time I was taken over ebrated Indian antiquities by a plump d young woman from the local univer- before we entered the temple, asked r anxiously, 'I suppose you know what e symbol is?' I replied that I did. But e entered the temple, I discovered I had eived: these were not phallic symbols, luses, 'long standing' like those which n reported on in picture palaces in the tmeric.

are, of course, the ingenious frauds on gullible collectors. The type of *The* ry is not confined to Scotland, still less to Scotland in the lifetime of Sir Scott. After all, it was in this century vel was launched, one of the boldest of I took a great interest in this since it is e area where my wife was conducting avations, and we were in close relations e local *érudits*. One of them, a very man indeed, told me that the forger Glozel pottery had known very hen he started on his nefarious career, learned a great deal from his numerous and was a much better forger and a better archaeologist by the time the boom wdown. But the only way he could be with by French law was by prosecuting r charging an entrance fee to his dis-ss, when he had no entertainment licence. c deserved better than that. ve, of course, no scientific authority for ing that recent discoveries about the s in Oklahoma are fraudulent. Still, one knows. I have learned to note a great deal undercurrent of critical scepticism in the rly world. For example, not everybody is eed of the authenticity of the Vinland which Yale has bought. It is perhaps unate that it was bought by Yale when Yale ough a number of extremely interest-ments from a Spanish collection. The sh collection turned out to have been in the r library of Saragossa Cathedral and the p of Saragossa—and the chapter as a body -rate—had no recollection of selling them. inkind theory that one of the canons had d them on to a dealer, was widely accepted. stood firm and refused to name the dealer ough his name was in general circulation t New Haven) and, at any rate when I ast abreast of the controversy, was hanging

said, would do anything, as everyone knew. But a great university, perhaps, ought at least to have a collection of antiquities. title of this leading article was a masterpiece

centre of the study of American antiquities, a will not buy the recent discoveries from Oklahoma.

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**With Philby in the Foreign Office**  
GEOFFREY McDERMOTT

*In his article on spies last week Geoffrey McDermott referred to Kim Philby as 'the biggest fish of the lot . . . undoubtedly Blake's spymaster . . . I feel in my bones that we shall be hearing a good deal about him before long.' We did.*

Kim Philby, the spymaster, and George Blake, the master spy, came together from the ends of the earth. There was nothing peculiar about this in that generation, when we were farflung. But Kim's upbringing was conventional upper class British where Blake's was not. They came together in the worldwide cause of communism.

When I first met Kim and his parents in Cairo just after the war, old St John Philby was far from being the normal member of the Indian Civil Service who had sent his son to Westminster and Cambridge. He was a great Arabist, and had become a Moslem and the confidential counsellor of King ibn Saud. He had advised him early in the war that Britain could not possibly win, and had been deprived by HMG of his British passport for his pains. I asked his wife, this agreeable English country lady, whether she minded putting on the veil and retiring to the harem when they went to Mecca. She replied that it did not bother her at all. The relations of these unusual parents with their son were ambivalent. I have no doubt that Kim was fired by his impressive father's example to outdo him, shall we say, in originality. On the number of wives Kim has achieved about level pegging. In every other way he has scored a clear victory.

Blake was quite another kettle of fish, though also with Middle Eastern connections. He was born in Egypt, son of a naturalised British Jew and his Dutch wife. His education was in a local school in Holland and in the anti-Nazi resistance.

I was at Cambridge with Kim, Maclean and Burgess in the early 'thirties, though I ran into none of them until later. The political atmosphere there was complicated. It was fashionable either to be, or claim to be, a communist.



You enjoyed all your privileges as a member of the upper classes, exploited them when it came to getting jobs, and abused them—and often your parents—at the same time. The complication was that, while most of us did not mean it too seriously, young men like this merry trio were so deeply revolted by their heritage that they were prepared to make a life's work of sapping its foundations. A bit of sodomy on the side, at any rate where Maclean and Burgess were concerned, was an additional heterodox bond.

None of these people went so far as to visit the Soviet Union and see how things were working out under communism. But they saw the rottenness and smugness of conservatism in those days, the ineffectiveness of socialism, and the power of communism which manifested itself particularly when the USSR became our ally in the war. Many of us felt the same, up to a point. In varying degrees they disciplined themselves as communist spies: Philby the most efficient, Burgess the least. Along with thousands of others who knew Philby, but not particularly well, I had no suspicions of what his easy social manner concealed. But it is remarkable that a close friend of both his and mine could never make up his mind that the truth could be as it is until Philby confessed in 1963, though he had mulled the question over ever since 1951 when Philby was first accused of being 'the third man.'

While Philby was flying high in the secret service hierarchy Blake was coming along well from behind. He had a sizeable chip on his shoulder about not being quite British upper class, and also because his service with the Dutch resistance, his facility in languages and so on did not seem to be fully recognised or rewarded. And he, too, did not like what he saw of the British ruling classes.

Philby and Blake must have come close together, on orders from their head office, which was not in London but in Moscow, in the late 'forties. Between them they were able from then on to supply both hot operational and broad organisational intelligence over the whole spectrum of our secret service's activities.

But it was worse than this. From the middle of the war the Soviet government had felt, correctly, that their most dangerous enemies would eventually be the Americans. Philby and Blake were accordingly given the task of penetrating the American clandestine organisation too, and went to it with a will. Philby particularly disliked American capitalism and success. When Philby was accused in 1951 of being 'the third man,' by far his most determined attackers were the Central Intelligence Agency

whom he had been in the closest liaison for two years in Washington. They were right, of course, but the 'old boy net' in Britain which Philby had so grossly abused, saved him. So, too, I think, on a semantic basis, did the term 'third man.' It seemed to imply partly that he was of less significance than the wellknown two, and partly that he was a jolly buccancer like Orson Welles in the film about Vienna in the end-of-war days.

You would think that as a result of these goings-on, confidence between the American and British sections of the Intelligence community must have been shattered. It was not. For one thing, the Americans, of course, had their troubles with their own traitors. Anyway, throughout the 'fifties a representative of the CIA continued to sit in on the deliberations of our Joint Intelligence Committee (I was chairman of the deputy director's section) and the privilege was reciprocated in Washington. In 1958 I went on a trip round the world, unique of its kind, sponsored by both the Foreign Office and our secret service, and magnificently laid on by both those bodies and also by the CIA representative everywhere. This culminated in a highpowered lunch given in my honour by Allen Dulles, then head of the CIA (absolutely my only complaint here was the choice of drink: milk, water or coffee). Philby's defection in 1963 was a further strain on sis-CIA relations, though Allen Dulles has made it clear that it was no surprise to him. But these relations appear to hold up well enough even today.

For part of the time when Philby was in the doldrums from 1951 to 1955 Blake was in a prison camp in North Korea. After his return he started going great guns, and no doubt kept Philby informed of progress. After his savagely successful time in Berlin, from 1954 to 1959, Blake asked for a rest and was sent to 'Mecas' (Middle East Centre for Arabic Studies) in Shemlan, an agreeable village in the hills above Beirut. Philby was living in Beirut at the time, and working again in a small way for the sis, as well as for the *Observer* and the *Economist*. Some reunion!

But not for long. In 1959 statements by various communist defectors pointed clearly to Blake's guilt. He was summoned home and grilled. The record sentence of forty-two years' imprisonment followed.

The interrogation of Blake was pursued, at a gentlemanly tempo, while he was in Wormwood Scrubs. At last he slipped up and incriminated Philby. Philby was confronted—by an old chum—in Lebanon and saw the game was up. As he was not in HMG's service officially he could not be summoned home; and our authorities had not the strength of mind to kidnap him. This was the 'innocent until proved guilty' syndrome with a vengeance. At a convenient moment a couple of months later he skipped to what he now calls 'home.'

His son's reports as a result of his recent visit to Moscow do not reveal much. In Beirut Philby had removed a great friend's wife, a goodlooking girl as I remember her. John Philby does not reveal that, true to his own comradely habits, Philby has now removed Melinda Maclean from her husband Donald, whom she had followed faithfully through so many tribulations. Also, while John Philby indicates that his father is treated with the respect of an important traitor, he does not say what high position he now occupies in the dread KGB, or state security department, which he has served so loyally and for so long.

It is true that the stresses and strains inside British and American society today are of a different order from those of the 'thirties, forties and fifties. It is true that the 'cold war' has taken a different turn. But the worldwide contest remains most vigorous and in some ways more dangerous than ever. And in the intelligence sphere, while there are master minds and active bodies like Philby and Blake at work in Moscow, we had better watch out. If they have not actually left some time bombs behind they are considering how to get them into position now.